

POETRY.

WHY DON'T HE COME?—By H. F. Gould.
The ship has anchored in the bay!
They've dropped her weary wings, and some
Have man'd the boats and come away;
But where is he? why don't he come?

Among the throng, with busy feet,
My eye seeks him it cannot find;
While others haste their friends to greet;
Why, why is he so long behind?

Because he bade me dry my cheek,
I dried it when he went from us—
I smiled with lips that could not speak;
And now, how can he linger thus?

I've felt a brother's parting kiss,
Each moment since he turn'd from me,
To lose it only in the bliss
Of meeting him—where can he be?

I've learned the rose he bade me rear—
I've learned the song he bade me learn,
And nursed the bird that he might hear
Us sing to him, at his return.

I've braided many a lovely flower,
His dear, dear picture to inwreath,
While doting fancy, hour by hour,
Has made it smile and seem it breathe.

I wonder if the flight of time
Has made the likeness now untrue;
And if the sea or foreign clime,
Has touched him with a darker hue?

For I have watch'd until the sun
Has made his morning vision dim,
But cannot catch a glimpse of one
Among the crowd, that looks like him.

How slow the heavy moments waste,
While thus he stays! where, where is he?
My heart leaps forth—haste, brother, haste!
It leaps to meet and welcome thee!

"Thou lovely one! the mournful tale
That tells why he comes not, will make
Thy heart to bleed, thy cheek look pale;
Death finds no tie too strong to break!"

"The bird will wait his master long,
And ask his morning gift in vain;
Ye both must now forget the song
Of joy, for sorrows plaintive strain."

"The face whose shade thy tender hand
Has wreath'd with flow'rs, is changed! but sea,
Nor sun, nor air of foreign land
Has wrought the change, for where is he?"

"Where! ah! the solemn deep that took
His form, as with their last farewell—
His brethren gave the last, last look,
And lower'd him down—that deep must tell!"

"But ocean cannot tell the whole—
The part that death can never chill,
Nor food dissolve—the living soul,
As happy, bright and blooming still."

"And nobler songs than e'er can sound
From mortal voices, greet his ear;
Where sweeter, fairer flowers are found
Than all he left to wither here."

"This, this is why he does not come,
Whom the fond eye hath sought so long!
Wait till thy days have fill'd their sun;
Then find him in an angel throng."

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

From the New-England Spectator.
TO THE CHILDREN OF BOSTON.
Waterloo near Sackett's Harbor, Sept. 5th.
MR. EDITOR.—Just before I left Boston, I met several hundred of those dear children with whom I have been associated the past. I told them that I was going to New York and Ohio, to persuade the people not to fight any more, and murder one another, but to live in peace and love. I told them that I should visit all the children in Sabbath schools and week day schools, to preach peace and temperance to them. I asked the children of Boston, if they had any message to send to the children in the west.

"Yes," was the reply.
"What?"

"Tell them to love one another, and be peace children."

"What is it to be a peace child? What do peace children do?"

"They don't hunch each other with their elbows," said a little girl, 4 years old, who sat wedged in between two other children.

"Tell the children not to strike those that strike them, but to overcome evil with good," said others.

"What shall I tell the children about temperance?"

"Tell them to drink no rum, gin, whiskey, brandy, wine, cider or beer, nor use any tobacco."

Such was the tenor of the message which the children of Boston sent by me to all the children whom I should meet. I took down the words of the children in my journal, and the above sentences are but a small part of what I was told to say.

I have felt it to be my delight to be the bearer of such a message from those whom I so dearly loved. I have made great use of that message and have delivered it to many groups and large collections of children; and the fact that it came from the children of Boston, has excited much attention and given effect to my words. To children in Springfield, in Utica, in Saratoga, in Schenectady, in Albany, and Whitesboro', have I lectured and repeated this message. But in this town I have had the most interesting meeting of any since I left Boston.

I arrived in Watertown, a village on the Black river, 80 miles north of Utica, last Thursday night, to meet the Utica synod, that meets in this town. The next day, Friday, there was to be a general meeting of all the Sabbath schools in this town and vicinity, in this place. At 10, the children, in wagons and on foot, began to flock in with their parents and teachers, from all the country around, by hundreds and almost by thousands. At 11, a procession was formed of the children and teachers and parents and ministers of the synod at the meeting-house. Then we walked two and two through the village, the children going first, to a grove of lofty trees, larger than any on Boston common. When we came to the grove,

there was a platform erected for the ministers, and seats in front of it to seat a thousand or two thousand children, and back of the children, seats for parents and others; and on one side, some tables, covered with biscuit for refreshment. After the children were all seated, we sung a hymn, and one of the ministers prayed.—Then I was called upon to address the children.

I arose and told the children that I was glad of an opportunity to address them, for I had a message to them. I told them I had been a children's minister in Boston, and that when I left, they gave me a message to them. I then delivered to them my message on peace. Instructed them how the children of Boston said they must do in order to be peace children,—must love their enemies, bless those that curse them, resist not evil, must not strike those who strike them, but always overcome evil with good. To enforce the lesson, I told them the following fact.

I went into a school of little children in Boston. While talking to the school, a wicked little boy 6 years old, doubled up his fist and struck his little sister, sitting by him, 4 years old, on her head. She, in the true spirit of war, doubled up her fist to strike back. Just as she was about to give the blow, the teacher caught her eye, and said to her—My dear, you had better kiss him!

In a moment, the little girl's feelings all changed. She threw her little arms around her brother's neck, and began to kiss him. He began to cry, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. The little sister wiped them off, and tried to comfort him, and the more she kissed him, wiped his tears and tried to comfort him, the harder he cried. A kiss for a blow! This is overcoming evil with good. That little boy was cautious how he struck his sister again.

I told them too of a little boy, 7 years old, in one of the schools in Boston, named Horatio. I went into his school one day, when the Washington Blues had been marching about the streets.

"Well, children, did you see the rubadubs—the trainers?"

"Yes."

"Did you see the Capt.?"

"Yes."

"What did he have on?"

"A feather in his cap, and a sword."

"What did he have a sword for?"

"To stab the British," said Horatio with an appropriate gesture.

"What does he want to stab the British for, Horatio, my boy?"

"To get money."

"How can he get the money after he has stabbed them?"

"Put his hands into their pockets, and take it out."

"What if their pockets have no money?"

"Go to the house and take it."

"What if the wife and children won't let them come in?"

"Stab them too."

"What if he can't find any money there?"

"Burn them all up."

These are the very words of a conversation held with a little boy in one of the primary schools of Boston. What a murderous spirit was there!

I then told them the little girl's definition of peace children—that they would not hunch one another. I told them, if they would live in love and peace, and have no quarrelling, they must never hunch each other, and if others hunched them, they must not hunch back again.—The multitude of children were all attentive while I delivered my peace message. I told them many things about the peace children of Boston.

Then I told them my temperance message. The children of Boston told them to drink nothing to make them drunk, and what they said made people drunk. I told them to imitate the children of Boston who tried to get their parents not to drink any thing to make them drunk, and related the following fact.

I went into a poor, dirty, cold room in Boston, one of the coldest days last winter. There was a drunken wretch of a father. Three little boys, eldest 8, were shivering and starving around him. The youngest was standing by his poor father, pointing his Pa up to a card stuck on the wall—on which were printed these words—

DEADLY POISONS.

RUM.
GIN.
WHISKEY.
BRANDY.
WINE.
CIDER.
BEER.
TOBACCO.

Touch not, Taste not, Handle not.
These words the poor little starving, freezing boy was repeating over to his drunken father, when I came in.

"Sir," said I, "will you listen to the tender entreaties of your dear son?"

"O Mr. W.—," said the poor drunkard, "save my dear boys from a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell, if I go there."

But the poor man would not listen to his dear child. I saw him drunk a few days after.

I told the children of the children's temperance meetings and children's temperance societies in Boston, and exhorted them not to go near any grog-shops, where they made drunkards and took the bread out of the mouths of starving children, and the clothes off their backs, and related the following fact.

I took four little girls from Miss B.'s infant school to see the menagerie—one forenoon. After seeing the lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, and all the beasts and birds, the children were hungry. I took them into a victualling shop across the street and bought them a large omelette.

While I was paying for it, little Ann, the youngest, was looking on the shelves. She spied some black bottles.—Putting her mouth to my ear, she whispered,

"Mr. W.—, what is in those black bottles?"

"Beer, I guess."

"Does beer make people drunk?"

"Yes, Ann, sometimes."

She darted out of the door as if a snake were at her heels, and all the children followed her. They would not touch the pie, because I got it where they sold liquor to make drunkards, and the man took the pie back again.

Thus I delivered my peace and temperance message. More than a thousand were before me—bright eyes, and happy faces. I was reminded of that congregation of dear children to whom I preached in Boston. There was a difference in the place of worship. In Boston the children assembled in a brick chapel. In Watertown the children were assembled in a beautiful grove. The lofty trees waving their green, beautiful tops over us, and the sun, here and there sending his beams down through the opening leaves. The green grass beneath our feet. The deep-blue sky over our heads, and God present all around us. The children took refreshments, happy enough. Then dispersed talking about peace and temperance, and the children of Boston.

I yesterday delivered another lecture to the children of Watertown, in the meeting house. The house was full and there I delivered the rest of my message;—that they must cease to fight against God, and then they will quarrel no more among themselves.

But I must commend the children of Boston and Watertown to God. I am called here as in Boston, the children's minister.

Yours,—
HENRY C. WRIGHT.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Genesee Farmer.

Things a Farmer should not do.
A farmer should never undertake to cultivate more land than he can do thoroughly; half tilled land is growing poorer; well tilled land is constantly improving.

A farmer should never keep more cattle, horses, sheep, or hogs, than he can keep in good order; an animal in high order the 1st of December, is already half wintered.

A farmer should never depend on his neighbor for what he can, by good care and good management, produce on his own farm; he should never beg fruit while he can make or buy; a high authority has said a borrower is a servant of the lender.

The farmer should never be so immersed in political matters, as to forget to sow his wheat, dig his potatoes, and bank up his cellar; nor should he be so inattentive to them as to remain ignorant of those great questions of national and state policy which will always agitate, more or less, a free people.

A farmer should never be ashamed of his calling, we know that no man can be entirely independent; yet the farmer should remember, that if any man can be said to possess that enviable distinction, he is the man.

No farmer should allow the reproach of neglecting education to lie against himself or family; if knowledge is power, the beginning of it should be early and deeply laid in the district school.

A farmer should never use ardent spirits as a drink; if, while undergoing severe fatigue, and the hard labors of the summer, he would enjoy robust health, let him be temperate in all things.

A farmer should never refuse a fair price for any thing he wishes to sell; we have known a man who had several hundred bushels of wheat to dispose of, refuse 8s. 6d. and after keeping his wheat six months, was glad to get 6s. 6d. for it.

A farmer should never allow his wood house to be emptied of wood during the summer months; if he does, when winter comes, in addition to cold fingers, he must expect to encounter the chilling looks of his wife, and perhaps in a series of lectures to learn, that the man who burns green wood has not mastered the A. B. C. of domestic economy.

A farmer should never allow his windows to be filled with red cloaks, tattered coats, and old hats; if he does he will most assuredly require the reputation of a man who carries long at the whiskey shop, leaving his wife and children to freeze at home.

There are three things of which the man who aims at the character of a prosperous farmer will never be niggardly, manure, tillage, and seed; and there are three things of which he will never be too liberal, promises, time, and credit.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Great increase of the value of Real Estate.

We have obtained the following highly interesting article, from an abstract of the Assessors' books, by which it will be seen that the taxable real estate of the city, has reached over \$226,000,000, an increase of \$82,000,000 over that of last year.—This sum was considered so low, that the Assessors raised it over \$70,000,000, making it upwards of \$300,000,000.—Notwithstanding the fire in the "Burnt District" the value of the property in the First Ward is over \$10,000,000 what it was last year; Second Ward, \$6,500,000; Third, three and a quarter; Fourth, one and a half; Fifth, three and a half; Sixth, three; Seventh, three and a half; Eighth, four and a half; Ninth, four; Tenth, three; Eleventh, ten; Twelfth, nearly four; Thirteenth, three; Fourteenth, two and a half; Fifteenth, six; Sixteenth is taken off the

Twelfth. The growth of this city is truly unparalleled. Last year the real estate was valued at \$144,000,000, this year at over \$300,000,000. An increase, we believe, that cannot find a parallel in the history of the world. What the amount of personal will be, we are unable to say; indeed the books have not yet been made up.

	Last Year.	This Year.
1st Ward	\$26,054,500	\$36,270,500
2d do	13,800,000	19,632,600
3d do	10,904,200	14,229,950
4th do	7,749,800	9,152,300
5th do	8,951,600	12,602,100
6th do	6,366,958	10,330,134
7th do	8,553,037	11,964,190
8th do	8,501,115	12,137,300
9th do	6,204,825	10,144,200
10th do	4,825,500	7,613,700
11th do	8,796,100	18,716,300
including the 12th and 16th Ward last year.	15,670,400	10,163,140
13th do	2,993,300	4,920,550
14th do	5,314,720	7,779,450
15th do	9,635,750	15,536,400
16th do		23,963,690

\$144,321,805 \$226,246,404

On the Real Estate, in addition to the above assessments, the 1st Ward had 3 per cent added; the 3d, 11 per cent; the 4th, 15 per cent; the 5th, 8 per cent; the 6th, 8 per cent; the 7th, 2 per cent; the 8th, 4 per cent; the 9th, 8 per cent; the 11th, 3 per cent; the 12th, 140 per cent; the 13th, 21 per cent; the 14th, 18 per cent; the 15th, 11 per cent; the 16th, 4 per cent. By the order of the Board of Assistants.—N. Y. Dai. Adv.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.—Dr. Humphrey in one of his letters from England, gives the following interesting description of the Thames Tunnel.

This great work was commenced several years ago, about a mile below London Bridge. It is agreed on all hands, I believe, that if the tunnel could be finished, and secured against the irruptions of the superincumbent waters, it would be a public accommodation, as the navigation of the Thames will not permit the erection of any bridge in that part of the city; and the river is so constantly filled and almost choked up, with all kinds of water craft, that to keep any thing like a convenient ferry open is quite impossible. The undertaking has proved much more costly than was anticipated, and for a very considerable time it was entirely suspended for want of funds. But at the last session of Parliament a large grant was made for the prosecution of it. When I was there, in the month of May, the arches again resounded with the heavy blows and busy hum of the workmen. A shaft is sunk to the depth of fifty or sixty feet, on the south bank of the river, over which a temporary building has been erected, and you descend into the tunnel by a winding staircase. Before it can be opened, it must of course be carried out a great deal further from the river, to get a convenient slope for heavy transportation.

At the bottom of the stairs, the horizontal excavation, under the bed of the river commences. It is ten or twelve feet in height, and wide enough for two carriage ways, with a row of strong pillars, and arches extending from pillar to pillar, between them. The sides and transverse arches, as you stand at the entrance, and by the help of lamps look down these subterranean galleries, are built of the most substantial masonry, and have every appearance of being perfectly secure, as far as they are finished, which is about 600 feet, nearly or quite to the middle of the river. Some even now doubt whether the tunnel will ever be finished; but I see no insuperable difficulty by the way. As I have elsewhere remarked, (I believe,) our English kindred are commonly much less in a hurry than we are; but they possess the virtue of perseverance in an eminent degree; and I have little doubt that some half dozen years hence they will be passing under the bed of their largest river with as much composure and safety as they now pass over London Bridge.—Whenever that day arrives, the tunnel will be an immense thoroughfare for the lower part of the metropolis.

The question is frequently asked, why are not our young men as robust and healthy now as young men were half a century ago? And what is the reason that so many die young, and so few live to old age, or even to middle life? We will endeavor to answer these questions agreeably to our own observations. In the first place young men a half century ago were brought up and educated to more industrious, economical, and temperate habits. They were then under tutors and governors, and compelled to be obedient to their parents and masters. They were made to retire to bed early, and to rise early, and to exercise themselves at some kind of manual labor previous to attending to their studies if they were students; if they were not students, they were obliged to earn their breakfast (at some kind of work) before they ate it. Their food then was much coarser and plainer, and therefore more healthy. If the same kind of conduct and living were pursued now towards our boys and young men, they would be as healthy and robust now as their predecessors were and live to as great an age; and so would our young women. But manners, customs, and living have all changed. Now our children are masters; they turn night into day, and day into night. They sit up until midnight, and all the beautiful atmosphere of the morning has passed away before they are up! It is really so! and instead of being early up at some useful labor and exercise, they are permitted to loiter and idle away their precious time, and to eat and drink the hard earnings of others! No wonder that there are fifty paupers now where there was one then.

Many of the young men of the present day who find an early grave are guilty of suicide! They actually kill themselves by intemperance in meats and drinks and dissipation. They live five years in one i. e. they eat and drink as much in one year as would serve a healthy and temperate liver, five! not to enlarge upon the alarming dissipation of our young people, which sweeps away millions to an early grave every year. If there should not be a speedy reformation in the conduct of young people, a man of 50 or 60 (should there be such an one) will be looked upon in a few years with admiration and astonishment.—U. S. Gaz.

TEXAS—General Houston President. New-Orleans papers of the 15th announce the election of General Houston as president. Another attempt is said to have been made to rescue Santa Anna, but defeated.

A number of prizes had been sent in by the Texan schooner Terrible. The Texan army had moved to a new encampment near Matagorda Bay.

A proclamation issued by Gen. Houston, at Nacogdoches, says he is induced to believe the situation of that place unsafe, expecting an attack from the Mexicans and Indians. He therefore commands the militia of the adjoining counties to be organized, and demands a reinforcement of 145 men, until the post can be reinforced by General Gaines.

DOMESTIC SLAVE TRADE.—The following is extracted from the Virginia Times:

"We have heard intelligent men estimate the number of slaves exported from Virginia within the last 12 months at 120,000; each slave averaging at least \$600, making an aggregate of \$72,000,000; but of the number of slaves exported, not more than one third have been sold, the others have been carried away by their owners, who have removed—which would leave in the State the sum of \$24,000,000, arising from the sale of slaves."

SHIP CANAL AT NIAGARA.—We are indebted to the Hon. Joel Terrill for a copy of the report of Capt. Williams, of the Corps of Engineers, in relation to a canal round Niagara Falls, to connect the waters of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. The plan contemplates a ship or steamboat canal, with locks 200 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 10 feet deep; the lift not generally to exceed 10 feet to each lock. The entire elevation to be overcome, is something more than 300 feet. Several routes are examined in the report, and the expense is estimated at from 2 1/2 to 5 millions of dollars.—Jour. of Com.

RESPECTABLE PERSONS.—It has been sometimes thought difficult to define, exactly, the class of people that have an exclusive claim to be considered respectable. They have doubtless overcome this difficulty in our sister of New York, for we find in the Times of Tuesday the following paragraph, which states, distinctly, their exclusive privileges.—Bost. Cour.

"We stated yesterday, that persons placed in the watch-house on Saturday night, cannot get bailed till Monday.—This is not always the case. Persons of respectability, brought before the magistrates on Sunday morning, are admitted to bail, though in most cases prisoners are held over till the following day."

BREWSTER, MASS.—A Correspondent of the Evangelist, dating Aug. 23, says:—"There has been an interesting revival in this town which commenced about the middle of last March. Since that time thirty-three have been added to the Baptist church; and twenty-five to the Congregationalist church—as the fruits of the revival. About seventy in the whole have indulged hopes. The work commenced among the sea captains first. Eleven men obtained a hope, before there were but two females. Five sea captains and one mate of a ship have been received into the Baptist church." T. C.

"THE BURNT DISTRICT."—Some person has communicated to the Journal of Commerce a statement of the present condition of the "burnt district," which was laid waste by the great fire in October last. It seems that of 419 lots then laid open, only 78 are now vacant; 52 have buildings commenced on them, 64 buildings roofed; and 225 or more than half of the whole, buildings finished, of which 167 are already occupied!—N. Y. Evan.

DEATH AMONG CHILDREN.—The N. York Journal of Commerce of Tuesday says:—"The mortality among young children still continues. Of 177 persons deceased last week, 101 were under five years of age. Between five and ten years none; and between ten and twenty, only seven."

A SON OF THE PILGRIMS.—Elder John Williams, a descendant of Roger Williams, is now living in Burrillville, R. I., being nearly 94 years of age. One day, week before last, he walked to his brother's in Foster, a distance of sixteen miles, and was but little fatigued.—Bos. Adv.

The price of wheat has declined in Buffalo and a paper of that place says, that although the crop this year will be somewhat lighter than usual, still it will be much better than was supposed.

The Boston and Salem Stage Company has failed for \$20,000, to meet which, they have property estimated at \$45,000.

Oneida College, N. Y. has 120 students, 12 of whom are colored. Some are from New England, some from Canada, and some from the Southern States.

TO PRINTERS & PUBLISHERS.

THE subscribers have completed their new specimen book of light faced book and job printing types, flowers and ornaments, the contents of which are herewith partially given.

Diamond; pearl, Nos. 1 and 2; agate, Nos. 1, 2 and 3; agate on nonpareil body; nonpareil, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4; minionette, Nos. 1 and 2; minion, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4; minion on brevier body; brevier on minion body; brevier, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4; brevier on bourgeois body; brevier on long primer body; bourgeois on brevier body; bourgeois, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4; bourgeois on long primer body; long primer Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4; long primer on small pica body; small pica Nos. 1 and 2; pica on small pica body; pica Nos. 1, 2 and 3; pica on English body; English Nos. 1 and 2; great primer, paragon; double English; double paragon; cannon; five lines pica to twenty; eight lines pica Gothic condensed, to twenty; five, seven, and ten lines pica ornamental; six, seven, nine, twelve and fifteen lines pica shaded; eight, ten, twelve and sixteen lines antique shaded.

Also, a large and beautiful collection of flowers from pearl to seven lines pica, many of which are not to be found in any other specimen; a new assortment of ornamental dashes; a variety of card borders; near two thousand metal ornaments, brass rule; leads of various thickness; astronomical, mathematical and physical signs; metal braces and hasps from three to thirty ems long; great primer and double pica scripts on inclined body; diamond and nonpareil music of various kinds; antiques; light and heavy face two line letter; full face Roman and Italic nonpareil, minion, brevier, long primer, and small pica; minion, brevier, long primer and other blacks; nonpareil, minion and brevier Greek, Hebrew and Saxon.

A large variety of ornaments, calculated particularly for the Spanish and South American markets; Spanish, French and Portuguese accents furnished to order, together with every other article made use of in the printing business at short notice, of as good quality and on as reasonable terms as any other establishment.

CONNER & COOKE.
Corner of Nassau and Ann sts. N. Y.
N. B. Proprietors of newspapers printed within any part of the United States or the Canadas, who will copy the above advertisement three times, and forward a copy containing the same, will be entitled to their pay in any type cast at our foundry, provided they take twice the amount of their bill in type. 1-3w.

VEGETABLE BALSAMIC ELIXIR.

PREPARED BY N. H. DOWNS.
FOR coughs, colds, consumption, catarrh of the lungs, asthma, whooping cough, lung fever, and all other diseases of the head, chest and lungs.
Pamphlets containing a history of the medicine, with numerous and respectable certificates and ample directions and much other information, accompany each bottle and can be had at any of the agencies gratis.
Sold by special appointment by
HENRY WHELOCKE, Brandon;
Also by Boynton & Austin, Orwell; H. Simonds, Pittsford; B. F. Haskell, Cornwall; Haskell & Wicker, North Ferrisburgh; E. H. Aiken, Benson; S. H. Barnes, Charlotte. And by most other respectable druggists in the State. 46: 1y

PIG IRON.

FOR sale by C. W. & J. A. CONNANT, one hundred tons Pig and Scrap Iron of superior quality. July 5th, 1836. 41

WOOL-CARDING NOTICE.

IN consequence of the failure, on the part of Mr Ordway, to perform his part of the contract relating to the partnership of H. L. Ordway & Co. we hereby declare said firm to be dissolved, and all payments must hereafter be made to us, as we have the books for collection.

We give further notice